

The outlook is
—showery

Cooler, too, we would say, and who wouldn't be a weather prophet if this was the kind of meteorological sign to be studied in arriving at a forecast.

WHICH LOVER KILLED ROSE HARSENT ?

By
STUART
MARTIN

WILLIAM HARSENT, a milk roundsman, knocked several times at the kitchen door of Providence House, in the Suffolk village of Peasenhall, one Sunday morning in May, 1902.

He was there to deliver the milk. His daughter, pretty Rose Harsent, was maid in the house. And as William received no answer to his knocking, he looked in at the kitchen window.

He saw his daughter on the floor in her nightdress and a small pool of blood beside her which had come from a jagged wound in her breast and a second wound in her throat.

William Harsent ran round to the front door and began to thump on it. Soon Mr.

neighbouring village, and was enclosed in a yellow envelope. Its contents were:—

Dear R.,—I will try to see you to-night at 12 o'clock, at your place. If you put a light in your window at ten for about ten minutes, then you can put it out again. Do not have a light in your room at 12 as I will come round the back way.

That was all. No signature. The light appeared in Rose Harsent's window, and just about that time a thunderstorm broke over the district.

Cry in the Night

Up in her bedroom Mrs. Crisp was awakened by the violence of the thunder. She lay

UNSOLVED CRIMES

A gamekeeper named Morris, who passed Providence House after the storm, saw footprints leading from the kitchen door to the road that passed Gardiner's cottage. The footprints showed similar impressions of rubber soles to a pair of shoes in Gardiner's possession.

More Evidence

The broken medicine bottle found near the girl's body bore a label on which was written "For Mrs. Gardiner's child."

The letter making the appointment was alleged to be in Gardiner's writing, but this was not clearly proved.

The weapon that killed the girl was said to be a blood-stained knife which the police found in Gardiner's house.

The newspaper was one which, the prosecution said, Gardiner had bought on the Saturday night.

It was suggested that he took the newspaper, and the medicine bottle filled with paraffin, to Rose Harsent's room, intending to set alight to the place after he had killed her.

The case looked black against him. But the defence took up item after item and disposed of each.

There was not a fragment of evidence to prove that Gardiner had ever had any relations with the girl. The medicine bottle had contained some liniment which Gardiner's wife had given to the girl. The knife was blood-stained because Mrs. Gardiner had gutted rabbits for their Sunday dinner. The newspaper had been in Gardiner's possession on the Sunday morning. And, to crown all, Gardiner had spent that fatal night in a bedroom at home nursing a sick child.

There it was—a complete alibi. The case for the prosecution began to tremble on its base.

The jury at the trial disagreed. There was a second trial. Again the jury disagreed.

A third trial would have taken place, but public feeling was strongly in Gardiner's favour. The Home Secretary decided against a third trial.

The case for the prosecution crashed. Gardiner went free, and Mr. (later Sir) Ernest Wild founded his great reputation in that defence.

Two Theories

But what actually took place in the girl's apartments that night during the storm? I can give you two theories.

The first is that Rose Harsent was not murdered at all. A local clergyman talked it over

with me. Supposing she had a date with her lover? Supposing she, frightened at the storm, came down the narrow, twisting staircase, carrying the unlit lamp, the candle (lit) and the liniment—and tripped and fell. The candle lit the oil, the broken glass pierced her neck and breast. The fire was put out by her twisting in pain. And so she died. And the storm kept her lover away.

I have a second theory. Supposing her lover did come. He did murder her with a knife. He did try to set fire to the room. But the thunderstorm might awaken Mr. and Mrs. Crisp. It is a bungled job—the fire. And out into the murk the Unknown goes—fleeing in the rain, and so home to another village. He may be still alive to-day—thinking still of that night.

What do you think of it?



Crisp, Rose's employer, came down. Together they went through the hall to the girl's apartment. They found her lying dead. Her nightdress was partially burned. On the floor was oil from a broken lamp, a broken medicine bottle, a newspaper, and an overturned candlestick.

It was murder! The hunt was on.

The Layout

I was present at the inquest and the trial. Here are the facts, patiently collected, of the legal problem:—

Mr. and Mrs. Crisp were a most respectable couple; but the lay-out of the house—it was an old dwelling—was awkward. The maid's quarters were, practically, a self-contained tenement, for her bedroom was above the kitchen and was reached by its own staircase. From the kitchen there was a door that led to the other parts of the house. At night this door was closed. Rose Harsent's apartments were thus isolated.

The back door of the house also opened into the kitchen—so a maid could receive a visitor at any hour of the night unknown to her employer.

It was revealed at the inquiry on her death that she had received a letter on the Saturday afternoon. It was mailed at a

I get around

By
RONALD RICHARDS

I USUALLY meet someone I know in the Fountain Hotel, Worthing.

Recently I had the pleasure of exchanging yarns and pints with Stoker Petty Officer Frank Parkins.

I was glad to meet Frank because I had heard so many stories about H.M.S. Thrasher, in which he served during her double V.C. voyage, and it was fun, though unproductive, trying to squeeze some experiences out of him.

Another thing, too, that pleased me was that he introduced me to his beautiful sister-in-law, Madge, with whom I

duced me to Valerie, but she was shy, her mother told me, of young men. Mrs. Parkins was cooking some very delicious scones, and Frank and I got in trouble for eating them straight out of the oven; we both enjoyed them nevertheless.

Madge and I chatted about Worthing, and Frank took his daughter on his arm and very patiently pointed out the letters in a painting book. Valerie though, showed far more interest in daddy's hair and in my photographer colleague's camera.

RUBBER has been given a great deal of space in the Press recently. On one occasion there appeared five references to it on one page of a London daily. Two paragraphs that were different from most were of some interest.

The first reported that 2,500 seats had been ripped open in one London cinema. Throughout the country, seats have been robbed of the rubber padding, which has to be replaced by wood.

The second story told that U.S. Senators have inspected the first all-synthetic heavy duty motor tyre to be produced in the U.S. It had been made of butadiene, which comes from alcohol produced from grain.

Experts say the U.S. will in time manufacture all the synthetic rubber she needs, but meantime a critical period must be faced, and it will be two years before natural rubber can be produced from guayule, a plant found in the South-Western States, and now being cultivated in California.

FROM a Surrey weekly newspaper I take the following: "Civil Servant, optimist, requires unfurnished accommodation... good owner deserves, and will get, good tenant..."

Take it from one who is at this moment seeking a London flat, he is an optimist!

COLONEL A. V. AGIUS, Malta's Trade Commissioner in London, tells me he has received £5,000 for the Malta Relief Fund from sales of "The Epic of Malta."

With its foreword by the Prime Minister and its story of the siege by air attack, concisely told by "Bartimeus," he considers "The Epic" is the best record of his fellow countrymen's constancy and fortitude.

I HAVE seen many reporters go blue in the face when watching sub-editors remodeling their stories to fit the space available.

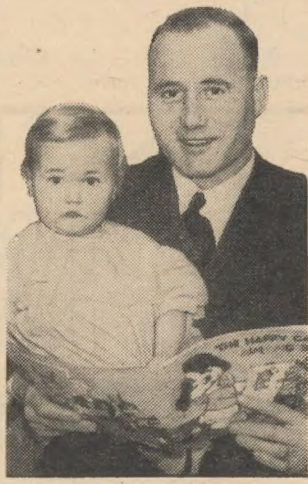
I hear that four of Charles Dickens' best sellers—"David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "The Pickwick Papers"—are to be condensed into a single volume by a New York publisher.

Dickens, who was the greatest reporter of his age, will, I suspect, revolve rapidly in his grave.

IF you have ever had the galling experience of having to queue for hours, during a short leave, at a hospital Out Patients' department, you will be pleased to hear, no doubt, that all that has changed now.

Night shifts for treatment have been installed, and in some hospitals it is now possible to arrange an appointment by 'phone.

As far as possible the hospital staff, bearing in mind transport difficulties, arrange appointments to fit in with times of trains and buses.



Stoker P.O. Frank Parkins and his daughter Valerie.

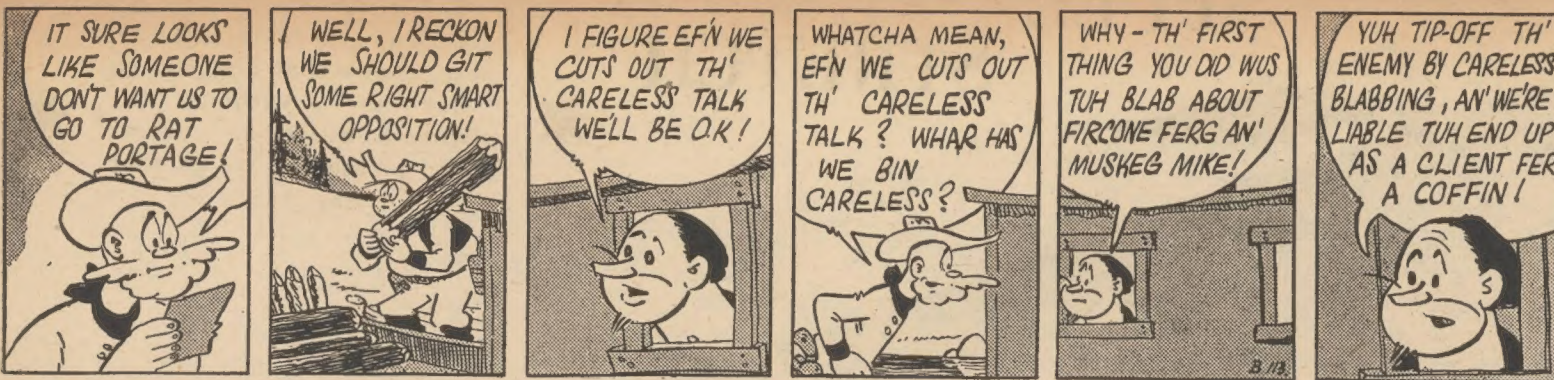
had previously been only on nodding terms.

A few weeks after our first meeting I looked him up at his home in Crabtree-lane, Lancing, where I met his wife and the apple of his eye, 18-months-old Valerie.

When I arrived Frank came in from the garden and intro-

Super Brains Trust

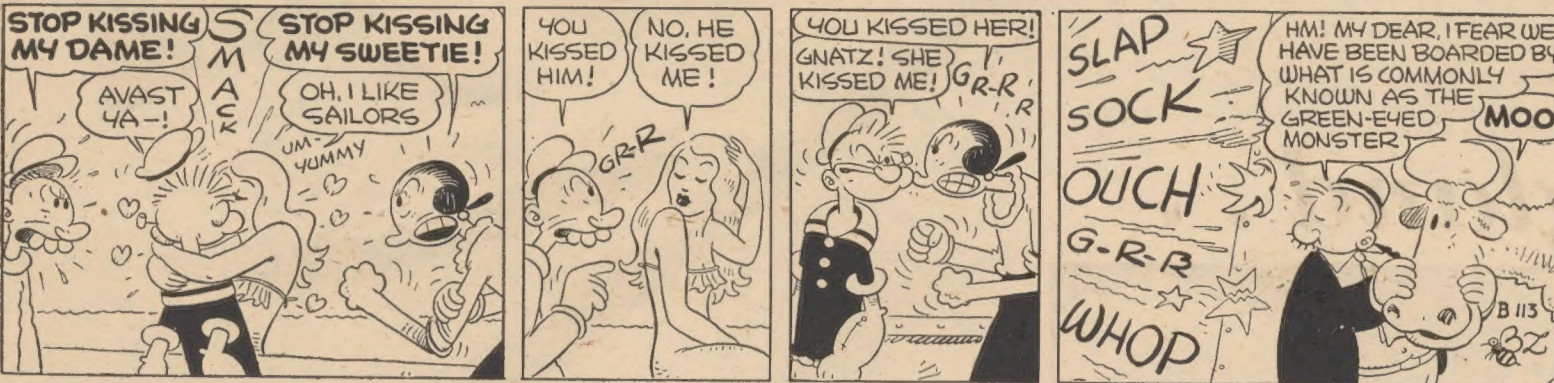
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Poneye



Ruggles



Take a Tip

BOXING

By LEN HARVEY

No. 2

WATCH keenly how your opponent reacts, and then try the one-two punch. This means that the left is followed almost simultaneously by the right—to the same place. It is as though the left locates and finds the range for the right.

The one-two is a devastating form of attack, whether directed to the head or the body. But your footwork must be perfect, and you must remember to turn first the left shoulder, then the right shoulder, in with the punch.

Some opponents you will find extremely difficult to nail with a punch to the head—their guard is apparently impregnable. The obvious thing to do is to attack the body.

But this needs some care. The temptation is to swing, with the hands low, and if the other fellow knows his stuff he will counter with a jarring straight left to the face.

As you get to closer quarters, shorten your punches. This means literally hitting from the heels. The short hook to the jaw is not merely an arm movement; it should carry the thrust and weight of the whole body, and particularly the shoulders. This is something to practise in shadow sparring. But whether you are boxing at long range, or hooking at close quarters, never forget your guard. Always be prepared for your opponent to lash out—after all, he's in the fight as well as you.

Before I forget, here is the best of all exercises for boxing—one that you must cultivate and one that will test you. It's called the "Wrestler's Bridge." Lie full length on your back, arms at sides. Then press hard with hand and elbows and so raise the body so that it is supported by your heels and head. When you think you're good at it, start to master it without using hands or arms. It's a tough one, but grand for developing neck, spine, abdominal muscles and legs.

In most sports, the greatest and most common fault is failure to keep an eye on the ball. In boxing, at least three out of every four ambitious young men fail to reach distinction because they do not hit correctly. It's easy to slap, especially if you also fall or the temptation of round-arm hitting.

First of all, don't flick. Hit!

Secondly, don't hit with the inside of the glove—that is, with the top knuckles; but hit with the back knuckles. With the former you are merely smacking; with the latter you are employing the force and weight of hand, wrist, forearm and shoulder, and that's how it should be. After all, boxing isn't an exchange of compliments.

Hitting with the inside of the glove scores no points and does no damage. So when you pull on your gloves, clench your fists, curling your fingers. Then extend your arm. The back knuckles will stand out slightly. Resolve that you will hit with those knuckles. You will avoid broken hands that way, incidentally.

Every really good boxer hits straight and hits with the knuckles. Try this out on the heavy bag—if you have such a luxury—and note the difference between correct and incorrect punching.

And here's something to think about. I have found very great help to me was a study of what I call leverage. You know that a giant of sixteen stone can be pushed over by a little girl if she catches him unawares and off his balance? Well, in modern boxing it is possible to avoid much punishment, and to create openings, by a well-timed tap or push.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

world of zoophytes in flower, and, instead of ivy, seaweed and fucus clothed them with a vegetable mantle.

I should have liked to question him. As I could not do that, I stopped him. I seized his arm. But he, shaking his head, and pointing to the last summit, seemed to say to me,

"Higher! Still higher!"

I followed him with a last effort, and in a few minutes I had climbed the peak that overtopped for about thirty feet all the rocky mass.

There, before my eyes, ruined, destroyed, overturned, appeared a town, its roofs crushed in, its temples thrown down, its arches dislocated, its columns lying on the ground, with the solid proportions of Tuscan architecture still discernible upon them; further on were the remains of a gigantic aqueduct; here, the incrustated base of an Acropolis, and the outlines of a Parthenon; there, some vestiges of a quay, as if some ancient port had formerly

sheltered, on the shores of an extinct ocean, merchant vessels and war triremes; further on still, long lines of ruined walls, wide deserted streets, a second Pompeii buried under the waters, raised up again for me by Captain Nemo.

Where was I? Where was I? I wished to know at any price. I felt I must speak, and tried to take off the globe of brass that imprisoned my head.

But Captain Nemo came to me and stopped me with a gesture. Then picking up a piece of clayey stone he went up to a black basaltic rock and traced on it the single word—"ATLANTIS."

What a flash of lightning shot through my mind! Atlantis, the ancient Meropis of Theopompus, the Atlantis of Plato was there before my eyes bearing upon it the unexceptionable testimony of its catastrophe! This, then, was the engulfed region that existed beyond Europe, Asia, and Lybia, beyond the columns of Hercules, where the powerful Atlantean lived, against whom the first wars

of Ancient Greece were waged!

Whilst I was thus dreaming, trying to fix every detail of the grand scene in my memory, Captain Nemo, leaning against a moss-covered fragment of ruin, remained motionless as if petrified in mute ecstasy. Was he dreaming about the long-gone generations and asking them the secret of human destiny?

We remained in the same place for a whole hour, contemplating the vast plain in the light of the lava that sometimes was surprisingly intense. The interior bubblings made rapid tremblings pass over the outside of the mountain. Deep noises, clearly transmitted by the liquid medium, were echoed with majestic amplitude.

At that moment the moon appeared for an instant through the mass of waters and threw her pale rays over the engulfed continent. It was only a gleam, but its effect was indescribable. The captain rose, gave a last look at the immense plain, and then, with his hand, signed me to follow him.

(Continued to-morrow)

They Say—

THE SMALLHOLDER.

MUCH public money was wasted and disappointment caused after the last war in training men for small holdings who were often quite unsuited and without business experience, adaptability or drive. Small holdings can seldom offer a satisfactory livelihood except under co-operative oversight and control, when planned production, buying and marketing can be practised.

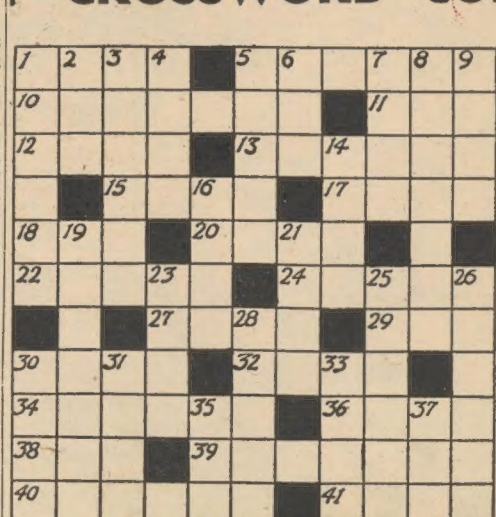
F. C. Hynard
(Lynsford, Kent).

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

THE 1918-1939 period was a period of much talk and little action. Present trends of affairs lead one to think that this disease is in danger of breaking out again. That it is a disease we have no doubt at all. Committees and sub-committees there must be. Let there be a minimum of them. If you need a motto from us, let it be: "It is deeds, and not words, that count"

A. R. Cattley
(Middle East).

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Notable deed.
- 5 Songs of joy.
- 10 Retrieve.
- 11 Twelfth of anna.
- 12 Mineral salt.
- 13 Harmonise.
- 15 Livery stable.
- 17 Requests.
- 18 Card.
- 20 Quantity of paper.
- 22 Burn surface of.
- 24 At no time.
- 27 Formally.
- 29 Unity.
- 30 Festivity.
- 32 Off.
- 34 Journalistic chief.
- 36 Speak noisily.
- 38 Human beings.
- 39 One who has taken shelter.
- 40 Slanted.
- 41 Incline.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Noisy quarrel.
- 2 Fish.
- 3 Keen perception.
- 4 Big book.
- 5 Stop.
- 6 Skill.
- 7 Musician's work.
- 8 Torch-bearers.
- 9 Observes.
- 14 Uninteresting.
- 16 Song bird.
- 19 Fortress.
- 21 Afresh.
- 23 Horned ruminant.
- 25 Journey.
- 26 Staggered.
- 28 Felt regard.
- 30 Jewels.
- 31 Floor covering.
- 33 Border upon.
- 35 Mineral.
- 37 Swelling.

HAUGHTY GIN
E POUR LACE
AS TRAPEZE
DOE LIONESS
ELMS LEAL I
ROOTLET LAX
S TEAR MERE
DIET FUSES
COOPERED N
ANNE ORDEAL
RE DOWNY SO

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"Come, come, nurse. It's bad enough for a girl to go nude. For pity's sake, don't give me a dunce-cap as well."

This England..



A scene on the magnificent Cornish coast. What memories of surf-riding, sunbathing and hiking it recalls. Lucky seagull, having the place to yourself, to take a bird's-eye view, then dive for closer investigation. How we envy you. Hope you'll see us, one of these days. Meanwhile, keep watch—especially on our favourite creek.

FULL STRETCH



And Maureen O'Hara, R.K.O. star, shows that one can go "flat-out" without the slightest exertion. Seems much pleasanter to us, that way, too.



★ POLE— CAT! ★

Now, who IS "up the pole"? Looks as though the cat is much less worried than the disturbed slumber seekers. Don't tell us that guy at the top is fishing. Jumping "catfish," perhaps he is.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"He's my pole-ish ally."

